

The Returned First Nebraska Volunteers Re-Enter San Francisco

The transport Hancock, bearing the First regiment of Nebraska home from the Philippines, arrived at San Francisco on the evening of July 29, passing through the Golden Gate at 10:30 p. m. The expected arrival of the noted regiment had created interest and enthusiasm all through California and the arrival of the transport was telegraphed to all the leading hotels and to most of the inland towns. There was immediately a rush by anxious ones to get out and see the big vessel. It lay at anchor near the city quarantine station, and about 300 yards off from the wharf, where her white hull could plainly be seen from the shore.

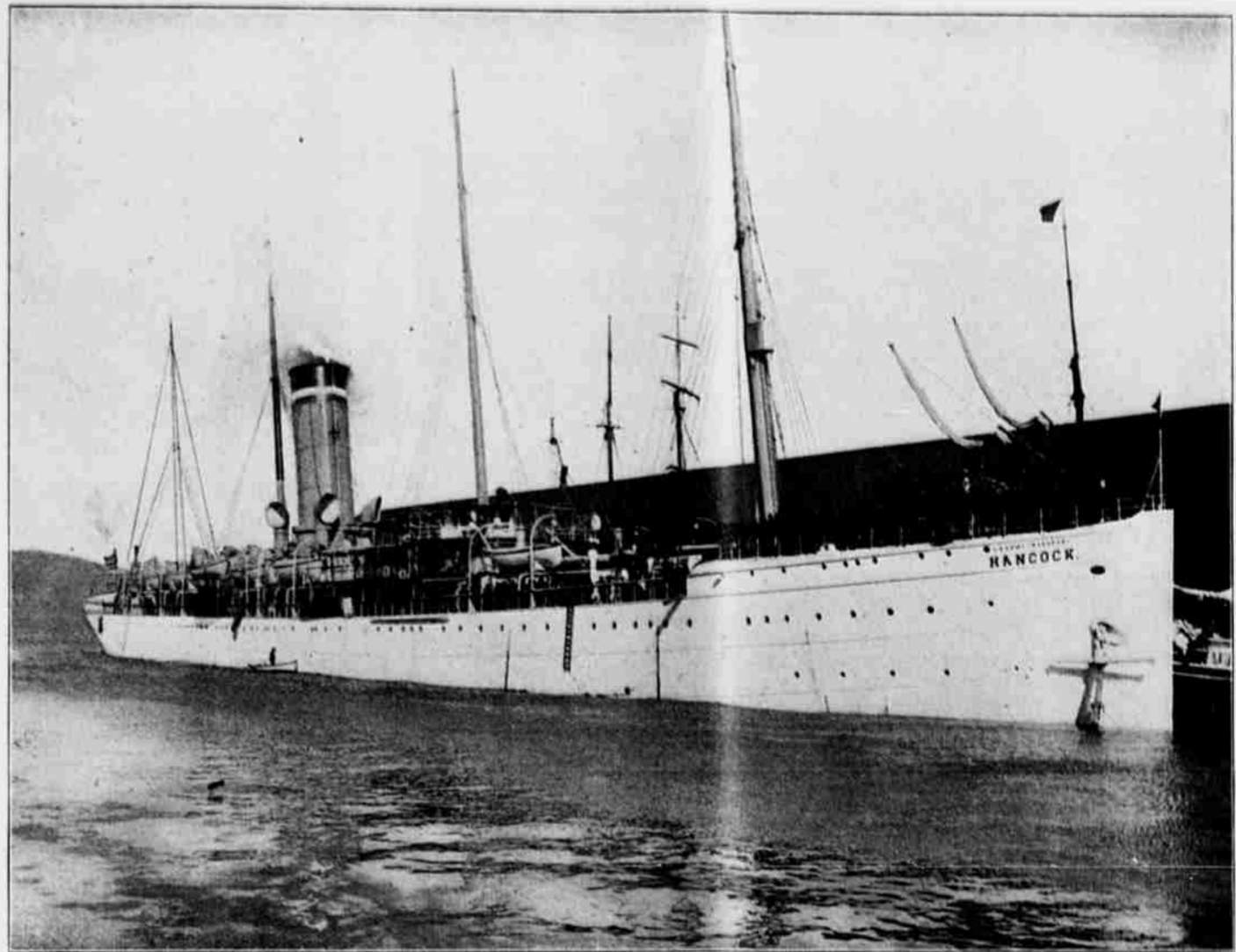
On arrival in the harbor the Nebraska boys had spent some time cheering and making other demonstrations of their joy at once more sighting their native land. This lasted for half an hour, after which most of the boys went below to sleep, in order that the morning might seem to come quicker.

A number of newspaper launches visited the steamer before midnight and shouted inquiries over to the sentries and stragglers on deck, and one party of three men from Lincoln got so close to the gangway as to be able to shake hands with a few of the Nebraska soldiers. Along about 1 o'clock in the morning Governor Poynter, General Barry and Congressman Stark went out to

lances on the wharf, and the preparations for leaving the steamer, occupied most of the afternoon. The time for marching to the Presidio was set for Monday morning at 10:30, and the soldiers spent Sunday night on the transport.

The march through the city Monday forenoon was witnessed by an immense crowd reaching along the principal streets from the wharf to the Presidio. At the head of the column was a detachment of regular cavalry, and with them came the regimental officers of the First Nebraska, also mounted. Accompanying these were Governor Poynter and Adjutant General Barry, the latter in full uniform. Next came the regimental band, and the twelve companies of Nebraska heroes. The rear was brought up by six ambulances carrying the soldiers whose wounds had not healed, or who felt themselves unable to make the four-mile march. Behind the ambulances came the veterans of the Utah battery.

It was the battle flag of the Nebraskans that brought forth the loudest cheers from the crowd along the streets. A bit of faded silk no larger than the page of a newspaper, with some ragged strips dangling from it, the flag was borne aloft, a mute sign of a hard and victorious conflict against a foreign foe. A local paper thus described



TRANSPORT HANCOCK TOUCHING THE PIER.

the things that told the city's joy at receiving again the gallant veterans of many battles."

Lower Market street was a revelation. Expectant hundreds were ready and waiting on sidewalks and in favored windows. It was near the time when the triumphal procession must turn into view far down the way. All the cable cars had been stopped somewhere. The broad pavement was clear of traffic and ready for the returning warriors to traverse its length without a single obstruction between curb and curb.

Bang! went the signal cannon. The report rattled windows. People strained their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the advance. Side streets filled with men and women and boys hurrying from their places of employment within quiet buildings and became animated race courses ending where were already aligned the less busy persons who had been able to come earlier and secure the best places. Windows were thrown open and quickly blocked with girls and men who laid aside their work to witness the homecoming fighters. No employer grudged that little time. In its general effect the signal shot was like the quick panic inspired by the cry of fire. But it was not fear that thrilled the thousands.

During the march a stop was made where General Shafter and the Nebraska and Utah state officials reviewed the troops. Then the boys again took up the march, and entered the Presidio gate, to at once become the guests at a dinner provided by the Oregon regiment. Thus ended the trip which had been a continual ovation from the ship to the camp.

How Colonel Stotsenberg Died

With the boys of the First Nebraska back in "God's country" and about to doff the uniforms they have worn so worthily, it is fitting to recall the circumstances surrounding the death of the commander of the regiment, Colonel Stotsenberg, who died as a soldier would choose to die—on the battlefield at the head of his men. Frederick Palmer, correspondent of Collier's Weekly at Manila, tells about it as follows:

"The Fourth was fairly in the mess when Colonel Stotsenberg of the Nebraskans waved a good-bye to his wife from the window of the morning train which left Manila at 8:30 o'clock for Malolos. He arrived at Malolos at 11, jumped on a horse and hurried out to the regiment, which he found lying out in the open under a heavy fire. The Filipinos were showing the pluck which characterizes them when their spirits are high. They took good aim at our men, despite the heavy answering fire. Either the Nebraskans must retreat or go forward. They could not lie still with every minute bringing the call for a doctor. Standing erect Stotsenberg surveyed the field for a minute and then gave the order to charge. Every man who had not fallen from a wound or from heat prostration sprang forward, guiding on him.

"The privates will tell you now that they saw him fall or that they heard some one say the colonel was hit, and then that they swore and gritted their teeth and thought

of nothing but the rebels in the trench. The bullet had been kind to Stotsenberg. It passed through his body near his heart and he fell without a word. The afternoon train took his body back to his wife. He was a regular army officer, with the regular's ideas of discipline; a superior regular army officer, doing, without fuss, his duty as he understood it, whose death was the choicest that befalls the soldier.

"While doing barrack duty in Manila, at behest of the regiment, the state legislature had passed a resolution asking that this 'heller of a colonel,' as they call a martinet in the army, be superseded. He was the most unpopular commanding officer among the volunteers before he ever led his men in a charge. After that they swore by him. He led them against Quingua and lost his life because he thought too much of them to see them punished while waiting for brigade orders. The orderly who came from General Hale to tell him to fall back was too late. He stopped by the colonel's body and looked at the colonel's soldiers as they climbed over the earthworks, while the general adapted himself to the circumstances and ordered the Iowans to charge as well. It had been his intention to bring the Nebraskans back under cover while the guns shelled the enemy out of his trenches. This would probably have caused quite as great a loss—a loss of fifty men in retaking a town which we had evacuated.

"Although they had won a great victory, there was a lump in every Nebraska man's throat. They said, 'Nebraska's done for; and the next day, for the colonel's sake, they fought harder than ever. As long as the war continues the spirit of Stotsenberg will lead them. They have forgiven him for being a 'heller.'"

The Capture of Calumpit

Robert D. Maxwell, an enlisted man of Colonel Funston's famous Twentieth Kansas regiment, thus describes the advance on Calumpit in a letter to an Omaha friend: "On the 25th of April we started to advance on Calumpit at daybreak. Our position from Manila clear to San Fernando was always just on the left of the railroad. On this railroad were two armored cars, or, I should say, three. One of these had one six-inch armor-piercing gun and one Gatling gun and on another were two rapid-fire guns and the third was arranged so that thirty men with rifles might ride. We did not get to use these cars until after we had taken Malolos. In order to reach the Rio Grande river, on which Calumpit is situated, we had to cross the Bagbag river, which was held by a strong force of insurgents. For 1,500 yards on our side of the river everything had been cleared away. Banana trees were cut down and bamboo shacks removed, leaving everything open. I suppose the ignorant negroes thought we would march right up through this open space to their trenches, but we fooled them. The infantry was put in a large ditch out of danger, then the armored cars were pushed up and opened fire. I never expect to hear such a noise again in my life. Besides the armored cars there were several pieces of artillery and later two or three companies of infantry went up. The enemy could not stand the storm of lead and left the trenches that two American companies could hold against an army. Then we advanced up to the Bagbag river. When we reached the Bagbag we found that a span of the steel bridge had been dropped into the river, so we had to spend the night there. Fifteen minutes later you would never have guessed but for the dead insurgents that a fight had taken place,



LEAVING THE TRANSPORT.

the ship in a tug, but by this time few besides the sentries were on deck.

The next morning those who desired to visit the steamer found that it had moved over to the quarantine island, about five miles distant, where the inspection was to be held. A few Nebraskans went over in a launch and were allowed to go on board before 8 o'clock, and it was from these that the boys received their first news from home. It was a happy meeting and the soldiers thronged around the Nebraska visitors with anxious inquiries or with messages which they wanted to send home.

After the inspection was completed and the vessel was found to be clear from disease, the Hancock steamed toward the city. At this point every man was on deck. The Nebraska and Utah bands alternated in playing patriotic airs and the people on vessels starting to sea mingled their cheers with the strains of "Home Sweet Home" and "Marching Through Georgia." On the way into the harbor the Hancock passed two river steamers, three transpacific greyhounds just from the Orient and several excursion boats loaded with passengers. From all these came noisy salutes and enthusiastic cheers, which were answered back by the happy Nebraska boys. There was also a demonstration by the jacksies crowded forward on the battleship Iowa, which lay at anchor close in. Welcoming whistles were blown by every steamer in the harbor, and a strong chorus came back from the city, where the factory whistles were adding to the din.

A stop was made about a quarter of a mile out in the bay, while a tug came off from the shore to bring the big steamer in. It was here that another party of Nebraskans came on board, having been brought cut by Mayor Phelan in the harbor tug, "Governor Irwin." The mail for the boys, which had been accumulating so long in San Francisco, was also put on board, and occupied the attention of the soldiers for the next hour.

It was near the noon hour when the Hancock slipped into the government dock. On the wharf the crowd was so dense as to keep the civil and military authorities busy clearing the way, while up along the adjacent streets the people were thronged, anxious to witness the landing of the nation's heroes.

A few people from the shore were allowed to go on board, the first courtesy being extended to those who had relatives among the soldiers. A limited few of the soldiers were given shore leave, while still others slipped away unobserved and once more stretched their legs on solid ground. The receiving of visitors, the transferring of the sick or disabled men to the ambu-



COMPANY 1 TURNING THE CORNER—REGIMENTAL FLAGS AT LEFT.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)